ATLAS

MENACE

MENACE

JUNE

10¢

CALM DOWN, NURSE! YOU'RE HAVING HALLUCINATIONS! THERE ARE *NO* FOUR-ARMED MEN HERE...IN FACT, I'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF "THE FOUR-ARMED MAN!"

ON SALE MONTHLY

MORE TALES OF MADDENING MENACE!

"A VAMPIRE IS BORN!"

"THE GENIUS!"

"ESCAPE TO THE MOON!"

OH, BOY! HERE'S THE GREATEST ASSORTMENT EVER OFFERED

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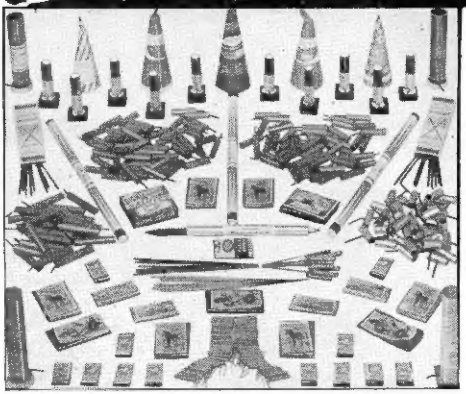

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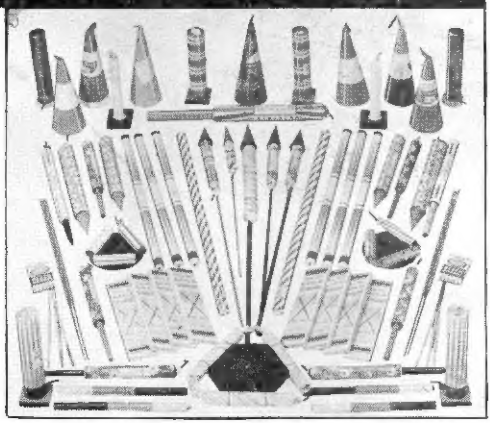

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Printed in the U.S.A.

WE'VE GOT TO START SOMEWHERE... AND WHAT BETTER SPOT *IS* THERE THAN A DARK, DREARY DUNGEON WHERE A VAMPIRE DWELLS? YOU KNOW THE ENDING OF EVERY STORY IN MENACE IS A MADDENING SURPRISE... WE PROMISE THAT *THIS* ONE IS NO EXCEPTION!

A VAMPIRE IS BORN

by Stan Lee

MIDNIGHT... YOUR COFFIN LID CREAKS OPEN... YOUR SMALL, BEADY EYES PEER OUT... YOUR TONGUE DARTS HUNGRILY BETWEEN YOUR PARCHED LIPS... YOU HAVE A THIRST! A THIRST SUCH AS NO NORMAL HUMAN BEING CAN EVER KNOW!

A TALE OF MADDENING MENACE!

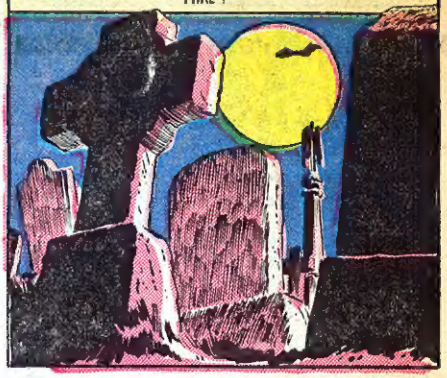
MENACE #4

THE RUSTLING OF YOUR DRY, BRITTLE WINGS IS LIKE THE RASPING OF OLD BONES, AS YOU RISE TO YOUR FULL TERRIFYING HEIGHT... POISED FOR FLIGHT...

YOU FLUTTER ABOUT IN YOUR DUNGEON... SEEKING THE WINDOW WHICH LEADS TO THE WORLD OUTSIDE! YOUR EYES ARE STILL WEAK FROM SLEEP... AND YOUR HUNGER IS A LIVING PAIN INSIDE YOU!

FINALLY, YOU SEE THE WINDOW... LOOKING OUT INVITINGLY UPON THE GRAVEYARD BEYOND! YOU SOAR OVER THE TOMBSTONES... THE CHILL NIGHT AIR BITING INTO YOU, AND BREATHING NEW LIFE INTO YOUR STILL CREAKY LIMBS!

HIGHER AND HIGHER YOU FLY... UNTIL YOU'RE ONLY A FAINT SHADOW, OUTLINED AGAINST THE UNBLINKING MOON! IT FEELS GOOD TO BE AWAKE AGAIN! YOU HAVE SLEPT FOR A LONG TIME!



YOU WERE ASLEEP WHILE NAPOLEON OVERRAN ALL OF EUROPE!

YOU WERE ASLEEP WHILE AMERICA MOURNED THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN!

YOU WERE ASLEEP WHILE DRACULA ROAMED THE EUROPEAN COUNTRYSIDE!

YOU ARE AWAKE NOW, AFTER A SLEEP OF MORE THAN ***THREE HUNDRED YEARS!***

YOU SEE A FARMHOUSE BELOW YOU! A SMALL, THATCHED HUT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF HUNGARY! YOU'RE ALMOST MAD WITH THIRST! LIKE A PLUNGING METEOR, YOU PLUMMET DOWN!

PERCHED ON THE WINDOW LEDGE, YOU SEE A FARMER, ASLEEP IN HIS BED! ***HEALTHY AND FAT!*** YOU FEEL YOUR WINGS TREMBLE UNCONTROLLABLY... YOUR CLAWS QUIVER WITH ANTICIPATION!

SOMETHING, CALL IT A SIXTH SENSE, A PREMONITION OF DOOM, CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL... SOMETHING WAKENS HIM! HE LOOKS UP...WITH TERROR IN HIS EYES!

BUT HIS SCREAM DIES IN HIS THROAT, STIFLED BY YOUR FRANTIC, SEARCHING TEETH! HIS EYES ROLL FROM SIDE TO SIDE, IN SOUNDLESS AGONY...

...AND THEN HE IS STILL

THE ENTIRE ROOM IS STILL, SAVE FOR THE SLIGHT MURMUR OF A PAIR OF FLUTTERING WINGS...

THE ENTIRE COUNTRYSIDE IS STILL... SAVE FOR ONE SILENT FIGURE WHO CRAWLS OUT OF THE THATCHED HUT ...SEEKING A PLACE TO REST...YOU ARE THIRSTY NO LONGER!

THE NEXT MORNING, A COCK CROWS...

KEEE KAWWWWW!

A HEARD OF COWS MOO...

MMMOOOOO!

AND A WOMAN SCREAMS!

AIEEEEEEEE!

In a matter of hours the entire village is aroused... men gather in the town square... the dread word passes from mouth to mouth... "VAMPIRE! *VAMPIRE! VAMPIRE!*"

As the day wears on, silversmiths are busy making silver bullets... farmers are chopping stakes and carving sharp points on them... the women light torches as they await the coming of twilight!

You watch the preparation from behind a tombstone in the cemetery on the hill! men have learned a lot in 300 years... they don't panic so easily! they know how to combat you! as evening falls, they start up the hill towards you... carrying their flaming torches ...their silver bullets... their sharpened stakes!

You realize it's certain death to remain in the area... you must find a land where the whispered word, "VAMPIRE" will still bring stark terror to men's souls! where they will shut themselves in their huts and hide, rather than track you down in the dead of night! you know you've got to flee!

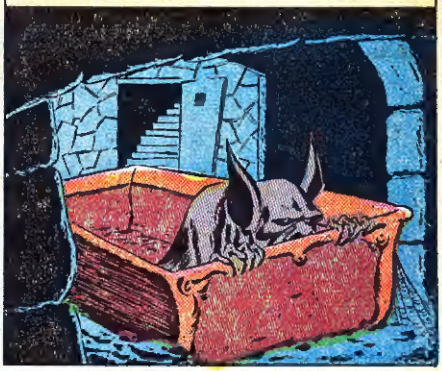
Like an awesome wraith, you glide thru the air... over the heads of the searchers...

You fly toward the east... with the smell of blood in your nostrils to guide you!

And finally you land in a little unknown village... behind the mighty urals!

BUT EVEN HERE MEN HAVE FELT THE BITE OF THE VAMPIRE. AND HAVE LEARNED HOW TO DEAL WITH HIM! YOU REALIZE THERE IS NO PLACE ON EARTH WHERE YOU WILL FIND REFUGE!

YOU FINALLY FIND SANCTUARY IN A DESERTED CEMETERY MILES OUT OF THE VILLAGE! AN EMPTY COFFIN IN AN ABANDONED MAUSOLEUM SERVES AS A BED... AS A PLACE WHERE YOU CAN THINK...AND REST!



AND THEN, THE GREAT IDEA COMES TO YOU! THERE IS **NO** PLACE WHERE YOU CAN HIDE IN SAFETY... BUT THERE IS **ONE** WAY YOU CAN BE UNDETECTED!

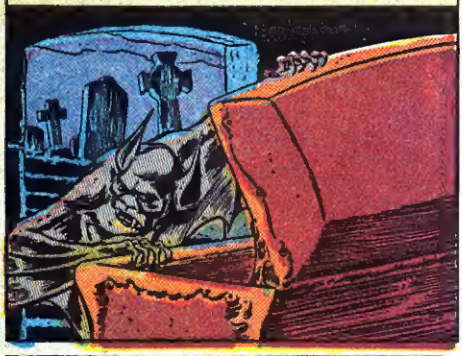
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS **CHANGE INTO HUMAN FORM!**

WITH YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE HUMAN RACE, AND OF HUMAN HISTORY, YOU CAN OUTSMART THEM ALL! AFTER ALL, YOU HAVE BEEN LIVING FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS! BUT NOBODY COULD EVER SUSPECT YOU AS YOU SURVEY YOURSELF IN A POOL OF STAGNANT WATER!

YOU WALK AMONG THE VILLAGERS THE NEXT MORNING, SMILING AS YOU GREET THEM...PLANNING IN WHICH ORDER TO MAKE THEM YOUR VICTIMS!

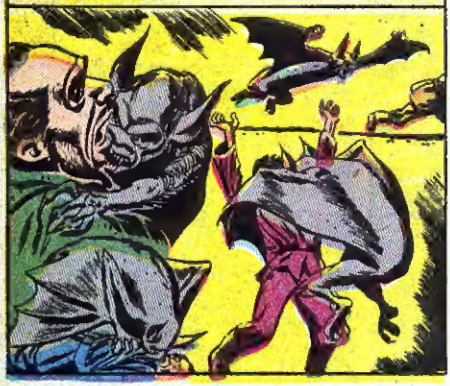
THEY ARE STUPID, UNLETTERED, PRIMITIVE! IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG FOR YOU TO BECOME A LEADER AMONG THEM!! YOU SUPERVISE THEIR COUNCIL, THEIR FARMS, AND THEIR HUNTING TRIPS...DURING WHICH THEY ALWAYS LOSE AT LEAST ONE HUNTER TO A "WILD ANIMALS"!

YOU LEAVE THE LITTLE VILLAGE AND BECOME PROMINENT IN THEIR NATIONAL POLITICS...IN A COUNTRY WHERE NOBODY NOTICES A FEW DEATHS MORE OR LESS! YOU FEEL SAFER AND SAFER AS YOU ARRANGE LAIRS FOR YOURSELF IN EVERY GRAVEYARD...

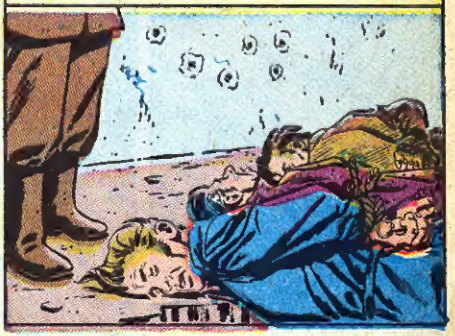


BUT YOU HATE ASSUMING YOUR HUMAN FORM... FOR EACH TIME YOU DO, YOU GET ***OLDER!*** THE ONLY WAY A VAMPIRE CAN DIE A NATURAL DEATH IS IN THE FORM OF A HUMAN... OF OLD AGE!

AS YOU GROW OLDER, YOU GROW MORE DANGEROUS... YOU TAKE MORE CHANCES... YOU WANT ALL THE VICTIMS YOU CAN GET BEFORE YOU DIE!



BUT EVEN IN YOUR HUMAN FORM YOU CAN'T SATISFY YOUR THIRST FOR HORROR AND MISERY! YOU HAVE BECOME POWERFUL NOW... AND YOU USE YOUR POWER FOR EVIL... AND FOR DEATH! AS A HUMAN, YOU DON'T HAVE TO COMMIT MURDER ***YOURSELF***, YOU CAN GET ***OTHERS*** TO DO IT ***FOR*** YOU!



BUT THE SANDS OF TIME HAVE RUN OUT ON YOU! YOU ARE OLD... AND FEEBLE! AND ALL OVER THE WORLD, PEOPLE ARE SUSPICIOUS OF YOU... PEOPLE ARE DEFYING YOU... PEOPLE ARE DESPISING YOU! IF YOU'RE LUCKY, YOU'LL FIND DEATH BEFORE YOUR SECRET IS DISCOVERED... FOR YOU ARE CONSTANTLY UNDER SURVEILLANCE... IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO SEEK THE SOLACE OF YOUR COFFIN...

YES, THOUGH YOU'VE TRIED TO DRAG THE WORLD DOWN INTO THE MIRE, WITH YOU, YOU WERE DOOMED TO FAILURE! YOUR DAYS WERE NUMBERED... ***EVEN A VAMPIRE MUST DIE!***

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

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Name_____ Age_____
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Town_____ Zone_____ State_____

LET'S DUCK OUT FROM BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN NOW AND TACKLE ANOTHER MOON YARN! THIS ONE HAS ALL THE INGREDIENTS: THE POOR OLD SCIENTIST, THE VICIOUS KILLER... BUT THE ENDING... AH, WAIT TILL YOU READ THIS ENDING!!

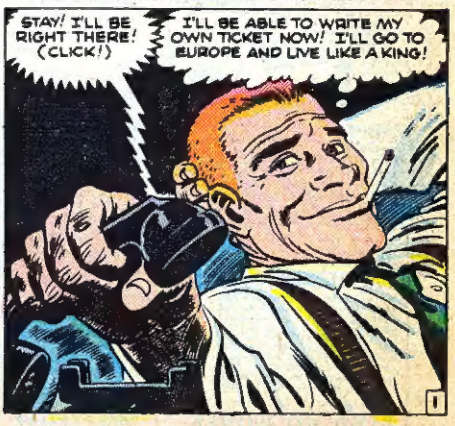
ESCAPE TO THE MOON!

I'VE GOT IT! THE ELEMENT USED IN MAKING THE HYDROGEN BOMB! THE REDS WILL PAY ME ANY AMOUNT FOR THE CONTENTS OF THIS PACKAGE! IT MEANS THE COMPLETE DESTRUCTION OF THE UNITED STATES!
A TALE OF MADDENING MENACE!
STAN LEE
RUSS HEATH

YOUR TREMBLING FINGERS DIAL A NUMBER...

A HARSH, GUTTERAL VOICE BARKS AT YOU THRU THE PHONE...

THE ANSWER IS SHORT...TO THE POINT...AND THEN YOU HEAR THE RECEIVER BEING HUNG UP...SHARPLY!



THEN YOU STARE AT THE LITTLE BOX ON THE TABLE! THE BOX WHICH CAN DECIDE THE FATE OF THE WORLD! IT HYPNOTIZES YOU...YOU CAN'T TEAR YOUR EYES FROM IT...

I'VE NEVER SEEN THE "X" ELEMENT! IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE MOST VALUABLE MINERAL IN THE WORLD! MORE VALUABLE THAN GOLD... THAN RADIUM...

YOU PICK UP THE BOX... YOUR FINGERS PEEL OFF THE UNRESISTING TAPE...

I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT IT WHILE I'M WAITING... IT CAN'T DO ANY HARM TO SEE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!

YOU OPEN THE BOX...AND YOU LOOK INSIDE..

NOTHING! IT'S EMPTY! COMPLETELY EMPTY!

IT WAS A TRAP! THEY WERE WISE TO ME! THEY LET ME STEAL IT...TO TRAP ME! THEY'VE PROBABLY GOT THIS BUILDING SURROUNDED BY NOW!

YOU RACE TO THE WINDOW LIKE A MADMAN...AS THOUGH DEATH IS AT YOUR HEELS! YOU PEEK THRU THE BLINDS AND YOU SEE..

THOSE CARS! PARKED OUT FRONT WITH MEN INSIDE! THEY MUST BE F B I MEN! THEY'RE WATCHING THE HOUSE!

YOU STAGGER BACK TO THE TABLE, ON WHICH THE EMPTY BOX IS SITTING! IT'S ONLY A SMALL CONTAINER WITH SIX SIDES AND NOTHING IN IT.. BUT IT'S A DEATH WARRANT FOR YOU!

THEY LET ME TAKE IT SO THEY COULD FOLLOW ME! SO THEY COULD SEE WHO'LL PICK IT UP! THEY'RE AFTER BIGGER FISH THAN ME...I'M JUST THE BAIT!

THEY WON'T DO ANYTHING TILL THEY GRAB THE OTHERS! I CAN STILL ESCAPE...IF I MOVE FAST!

IT ONLY TAKES YOU A MINUTE TO REACH THE ROOF! AND ONCE UP THERE, YOU HAVE MANY AVENUES OF ESCAPE! YOU WERE PREPARED FOR THIS EVENTUALITY BEFOREHAND!

I'LL GET OUT OF TOWN! I'LL CHANGE MY NAME... GROW A BEARD! THEY'LL *NEVER* GET ME!

YOU FINALLY RACE OUT OF THE ALLEY OF A CORNER HOUSE...THE STREET IS DESERTED! YOU BEGIN TO BREATHE EASY AGAIN!

I CAN MAKE IT TO THE FREIGHT YARDS BY NIGHT FALL! IF ONLY I HAD HAD TIME TO WARN H! THEY'VE PROBABLY CAUGHT HIM ALREADY!

BEFORE THE DAY IS OVER YOU'RE ON A FREIGHT TRAIN, HEADED WEST...

WHEN THE REDS LEARN I'VE FAILED, I'LL BE SLATED FOR DEATH!

I'LL HAVE LESS CHANCE WITH THE REDS THAN I WILL WITH THE AMERICANS! THE REDS WILL KILL ME WITHOUT A TRIAL!

AFTER RIDING THRU THE LONG NIGHT, YOU SNEAK OFF THE TRAIN IN A SMALL MIDWESTERN CITY!

THE FIRST THING I'VE GOT TO DO IS FIND A PAPER!

RIKEOM FALLS

THERE'S A NEWSTAND AT THE END OF THE STREET! YOU PAY A NICKEL FOR THE EARLY MORNING EXTRA, AND READ...

*** DAILY BULLETIN

RED SPY RING BROKEN

PHONY HYDROGEN BOMB THEFT LEADS TO CAPTURE OF TOP COMMUNIST SPIES!

JOE BORDEN, AMERICAN TRAITOR, ESCAPES! HIS CAPTURE EXPECTED MOMENTARILY!

DESCRIPTION OF JOE BORDEN

DEATH PENALTY EXPECTED FOR TRAITOR JOE BORDEN UPON HIS CAPTURE!

I WAS RIGHT! IT WAS A TRAP! THEY WERE WISE TO ME ALL THE TIME! THEY'LL HANG ME IF THEY CATCH ME!

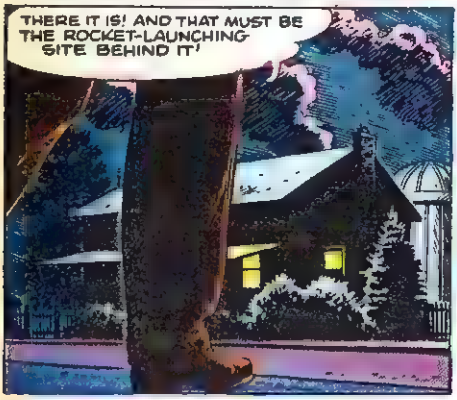
AND IF THE REDS CATCH ME...THEY'LL KILL ME TOO! THERE'S NO PLACE ON EARTH WHERE I'LL BE SAFE!

THE PHRASE "NO PLACE ON EARTH" STICKS IN YOUR MIND! AND THEN YOU CATCH A GLIMPSE OF *ANOTHER* STORY ON THE SAME PAGE ...A STORY WHICH MAY MEAN FREEDOM FOR YOU!

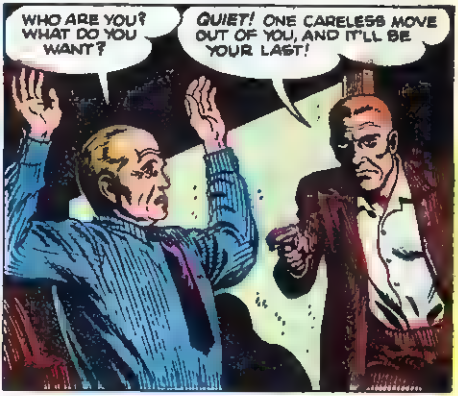
R CAUGHT!
PROFESSOR ERNST GRUBER OF CHICAGO TO TEST HIS MOON ROCKET THIS WEEK!!
ENTIRE WORLD WAITS EAGERLY FOR THE FIRST ROCKET TO BE LAUNCHED WHICH WILL REACH THE MOON!

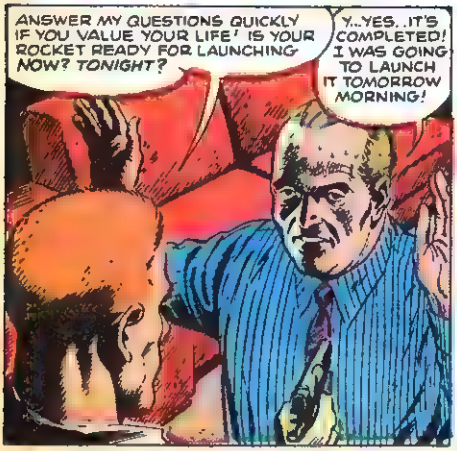
YOU AREN'T FAR FROM CHICAGO...YOU RACE TO THE HIGHWAY...TURN UP YOUR COAT COLLAR...FLAG A BUS...

LIKE A HUNTED BEAST, YOU LEAVE THE BUS AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF CHICAGO...AND WALK THRU THE NIGHT TO THE SECLUDED LAB OF PROFESSOR GRUBER...



THE PROFESSOR IS A BACHELOR, LIVING ALONE WITHOUT SERVANTS! IT'S CHILD'S PLAY FOR YOU TO FORCE OPEN HIS DOOR AND TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE...

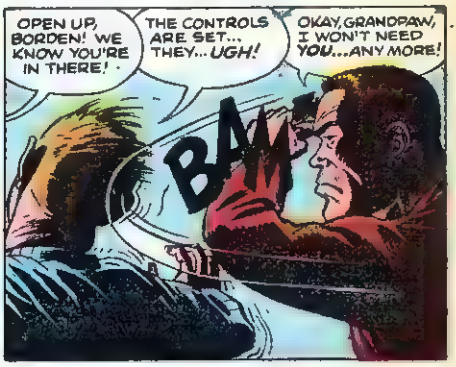



ANSWER MY QUESTIONS QUICKLY IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE! IS YOUR ROCKET READY FOR LAUNCHING NOW? *TONIGHT?*
Y...YES...IT'S COMPLETED! I WAS GOING TO LAUNCH IT TOMORROW MORNING!

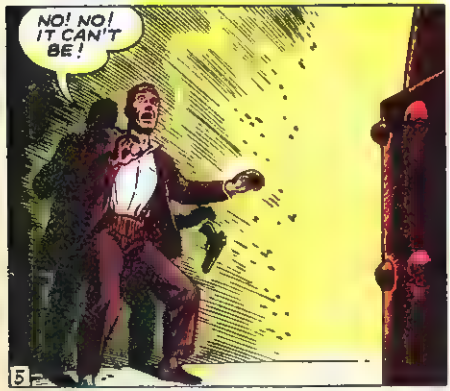
JUST THEN...YOU HEAR THE SOUND OF POLICE SIRENS, GETTING NEARER IN THE STILL NIGHT!

YOU'RE SAFELY INSIDE THE LAUNCHING SITE BEFORE THE POLICE CARS COME TO A STOP! YOU BOLT THE HUGE, IRON DOOR...

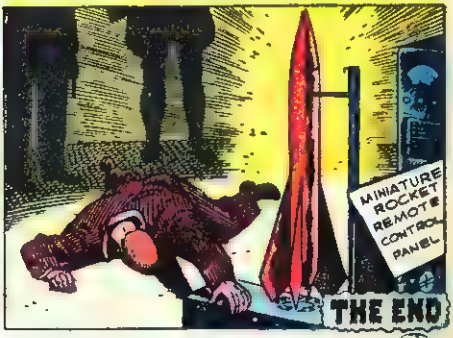
YOU'RE FEELING VERY SATISFIED WITH YOURSELF! IN A FEW SECONDS YOU'LL BE OUT OF REACH OF ANY RETRIBUTION... AND YOU CAN RETURN TO EARTH MONTHS LATER... AFTER THE HUE AND CRY HAVE DIED DOWN!



THEN YOU CALMLY TURN AND WALK TOWARD THE ROCKET! BUT THE SIGHT THAT GREETS YOUR EYES FREEZES THE BLOOD IN YOUR VEINS!



YOU'RE STILL SOBBING HYSTERICALLY AS THE POLICE BREAK IN AND SEIZE YOU! YOU'VE FAILED, JOE BORDEN FAILED TWICE! YOU FAILED TO STEAL THE BOMB'S SECRET ELEMENT, AND YOU FAILED TO MAKE SURE THAT THE MOON ROCKET, ON WHICH YOUR VERY LIFE DEPENDED, WAS BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD A HUMAN BEING!



ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

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THE SCHEMING WOMAN

"AND where do you think you're going tonight, Louise?"

Louise Haddon crossed her legs neatly as she settled on the kitchen chair, a bottle of nail polish in one hand, and a nail file in the other. She merely glanced up at her husband, and went on with the small operation.

When she finished filing the nails on one hand, she said, ". . . Just because a woman takes out time to do her fingernails, you have to blow your top. Roger, you're a scream!"

"Don't fool me, Louise," her irate husband warned. ". . . I know you'll be running out of this house for the evening in just an hour or two. If it isn't a club meeting, it's a bridge game, and if it isn't a bridge game with the girls, it's a late movie. Why you have to see those catty women friends of yours two or three times a week makes me wonder why you ever married me!"

"How do you know they're catty . . . you've never met them, Roger dear."

Roger only looked away and out of the window. Meet them? He wouldn't be caught in a crowd of cackling women and made to feel like a sore thumb. He had informed his wife months ago, when she had started the Monday and Thursday get-togethers with her girl-friends, never to bring them home, nor to insist that he meet the women.

Roger sat by the fire reading his newspaper for the next half-hour, glancing at his watch occasionally, then at his wife, who was putting on makeup with great care. When he saw her go for her coat, he shrugged his shoulders and returned to the paper. When he heard the door slam shut, and the click of his wife's heels as she walked down the front walk, he uttered a snorting sound and threw down the paper with disgust.

"Why didn't I think of it before? Why would a woman spend an hour fixing her hair, her nails, and her face, if she were only going to meet a bunch of silly women? Why would she straighten her stocking seams so carefully, and brush off every speck of dust from her best coat if she were heading for a female-only bridge party?" Roger said to himself thoughtfully.

He ran to the window. Louise was already way past the end of the block, no doubt. What had he expected to see?

"Next time she pulls this stunt, I'll be looking out from behind the curtains as she leaves. Just let me catch her sneaking into some guy's swanky car and I'll break her neck! But what am I thinking of? She'd be too smart to meet a guy so close to the house! Well, I won't give her the satisfaction of following her, not me! I'll just bide my own sweet time . . . someday she'll slip, and then that pretty face of hers won't be so pretty any more."

Roger returned to the chair near the fireplace and settled down once again to read the paper. The paper had spread around the chair when he threw it down a few moments before, and when he picked it up from the floor, a page he had not yet read found it's way to the top of the stack of disheveled papers. Roger looked at the headline and became more interested.

"STRANGE CREATURE ROAMS STREETS, LEAVING BLOODY TRAIL OF MURDER!" He rattled the page nervously as he read on. He could hardly believe his eyes. A zombie-like creature, beyond actual description, walked the streets of that very city, leaving unfortunate, mangled victims behind as it went on to others to do more grisly tasks.

"Funny I haven't heard more about it . . . I read the papers every night, and there's not been a word about it, although it seems its been going on for some weeks now. Oh, well, that fool wife of mine probably uses part of the evening paper for mopping up spilled powder or something . . . that's why I never get to see the whole paper."

Roger walked over to the radio and switched it on. "Can't get a decent news program with Louise around . . . maybe I'll hear some more about that zombie-thing now."

The news program was just broadcasting the story of the latest victim of the strange, roaming creature. A man had been found the night before, his throat slashed, his skin white and waxy after the creature had drained the blood from the poor man.

(continued after next page)

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(*continued . . .*)

"Whew!" Roger said, wiping his forehead. "I wouldn't want to be out after hearing a story like that! I get the willys just thinking about it. Now, wouldn't that be something, if the zombie caught my dear wife with another guy, and took care of her, saving me the trouble. Ouch, what a thought. I wonder if she's off the streets yet?"

Suddenly Roger felt a chill, and he went to the window again. The street was dark and quiet. He closed the blinds to keep out the draft, but he still felt cold. He went over to the fire and saw that it was dying. Just as he bent down for another log, a sound at the window made him jump with fright.

He ran to the window, but thought better of opening the blinds. He went slowly toward the door, and shouted thru it. "Who is it? What do you want?"

A voice sounded from outside: "Please! Please, sir, let me in. I just heard on my car radio that that zombie- thing has been seen in this neighborhood. I'm all alone, and I'm afraid to drive around. You've got to give me shelter till it's safe to go out on the streets again. My family is away, and I don't dare go home to an empty house, for fear that creature will be waiting there. Please, don't keep me standing out here any longer."

Roger wrung his hands. The zombie . . . and probably standing outside his very door this instant. It was a trick. He went quietly to the window, drawing the blinds back ever so slightly, and looked out cautiously. It was a young man, but his shoulders were strong, his hands looked capable of overpowering another. Naturally, a zombie wouldn't walk the streets looking like a zombie . . . he would be disguised as a perfectly normal-looking human being. But he wasn't being fooled.

"Go away, you fool. You won't trick me . . . I'm not letting any stranger in here tonight! Go away!"

He heard the man walk away, and he breathed a little easier. He went to the telephone and dialed the police.

"I . . . I've spoken with the z-zombie. Yes, at 23 Richardson Avenue . . . no, I d-didn't watch which way he went. Yes, I'll sit tight . . . I've got to wait for my wife to come home anyhow, so I won't leave the house, don't worry. My wife? Ah, no, don't worry about her . . . I'm sure she's not . . . alone!"

The minutes dragged. Soon he noticed the hour was late. Louise should return soon, he thought. A knock at the door startled him.

"W-who it it?" he said thru the door.

"Police! I'm assigned here to give you protection in case that character returns. Let me in . . . I'll help you in case there's trouble!"

"No . . . no, no . . . go away. I'm not letting anyone in. I don't believe you're a policeman, and I'm not even going to look at you. I won't be fooled. Protection, hah . . . you can't trick me. Get away from here!"

"You fool . . . let me in . . . I'm a policeman. I can't force my protection on you, but don't be an idiot. You're in danger."

But Roger remained silent. He heard the thing shift feet for a few moments, then apparently discouraged, walk away once more.

Where was Louise? She should've been home by now. He looked at his watch . . . almost midnight. Where was she?

He breathed a little sigh as he heard the familiar click-click-click of her high heels on the front walk. But he wasn't going to be fooled . . . that zombie would be capable of any disguise. He peered thru the blinds again . . . no trick this time . . . he could tell his scheming good-for-nothing wife without a moment's hesitation.

He went to the door, opened it quickly to let Louise in, then locked it again. He noticed her makeup was a little smeared, her gloves dirty, her hair a bit disheveled. His blood began to boil again.

"Listen, kid, I won't beat around the bush. I know your whole story. Bridge club, my eye. You've been out with a guy, laugnin' at your innocent, trusting husband at home. I shoulda let you stand outside the door, pleading to be let in, like the disguised zombie did a while ago. But I did let you in. And now that you're here, I'll teach you to step out on me . . ."

But he stopped short, for what he saw made him sick. Louise . . . had blood on her hands, and her once neatly manicured nails had flesh under them . . . the flesh . . . of the newest victim. The young man had really been afraid, the policeman had really wanted to protect him, and Louise . . . for whom he had opened the door without even thinking, was . . . the . . . zombie.

THE END C-520

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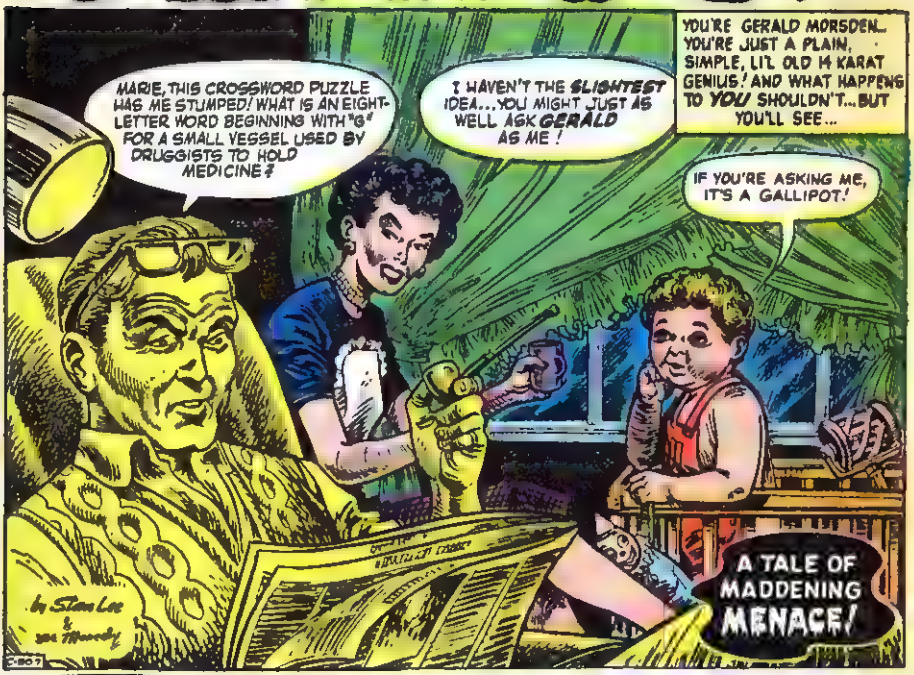
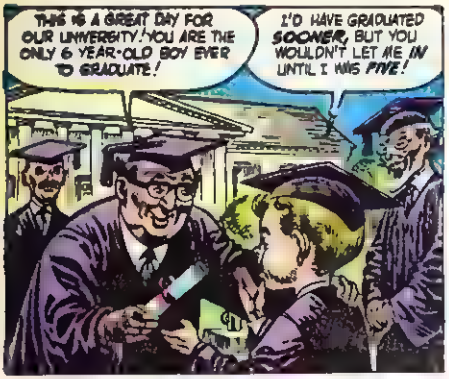
GENIUS!


MARIE, THIS CROSSWORD PUZZLE HAS ME STUMPED! WHAT IS AN EIGHT-LETTER WORD BEGINNING WITH "G" FOR A SMALL VESSEL USED BY DRUGGISTS TO HOLD MEDICINE?
I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA... YOU MIGHT JUST AS WELL ASK GERALD AS ME!
YOU'RE GERALD MORSDEN... YOU'RE JUST A PLAIN, SIMPLE, LIL OLD 14 KARAT GENIUS! AND WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU SHOULDN'T... BUT YOU'LL SEE...
IF YOU'RE ASKING ME, IT'S A GALLIPOT!
A TALE OF MADDENING MENACE!
by Stan Lee & Joe Maneely

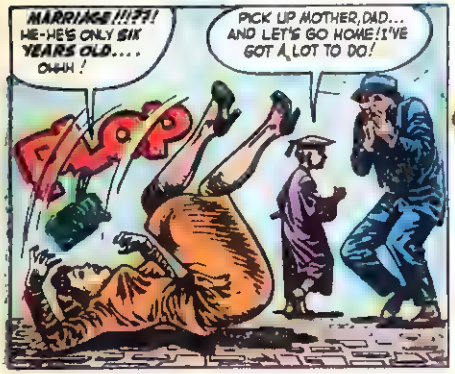
B-BUT YOU SPEAK AS WELL AS I DO!!!
DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF, FATHER! I SPEAK FAR BETTER! YOUR ENUNCIATION LEAVES MUCH TO BE DESIRED!
I THINK I'M GOING TO FAINT!

TRUE TO HER WORD, YOUR MOTHER FAINTED! BUT YOUR FATHER WAS MUCH TOO BUSY TO NOTICE!
WHY DID YOU WAIT UNTIL TODAY? WHY DIDN'T YOU SPEAK BEFORE?
I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY!
A HALF-HOUR LATER YOUR FATHER HAD YOU IN THE OFFICE OF THE TOWN'S MOST EXPENSIVE PSYCHIATRIST!
DOCTOR, MY SON CAN TALK! HE CAN TALK!
NOW, NOW, MISTER MORGDEN... CALM DOWN! MOST BABIES SAY THEIR FIRST WORDS AT ABOUT HIS AGE!
FIRST WORDS?!! HE'S BEEN SPEAKING THE WHOLE DICTIONARY!
THERE, THERE... YOU'RE TIRED, MR MORGDEN... WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME AND GIVE YOUR SON HIS BOTTLE AND HAVE A NICE, WARM, SOOTHING CUP OF HOT MILK YOURSELF?
WITH A DIAGNOSIS LIKE THAT, YOU CALL YOURSELF A PSYCHIATRIST?!! YOU OUGHT TO TURN IN YOUR DIPLOMA!
MISTER MORGDEN... THAT'S WONDERFUL!! WHY DIDN'T YOU EVER TELL ME YOU WERE A VENTRILOQUIST?
IF YOU'RE IMPLYING THAT I LOOK LIKE A WOODEN DUMMY, I'LL RETURN IN 20 YEARS AND MOP UP THE FLOOR WITH YOU!!
I'M SORRY, DOCTOR, BUT I'M NOT A VENTRILOQUIST!! TH-THAT'S REALLY MY SON TALKING!
THE DOCTOR WAS UNUSUALLY BRIGHT FOR A NORMAL HUMAN... IT ONLY TOOK YOUR FATHER 20 MINUTES MORE TO CONVINCE HIM THAT YOU WERE REALLY SPEAKING! AND THEN THE FUN STARTED..
SIT HIM DOWN THERE! I'LL GIVE HIM AN INTELLIGENCE TEST!
DON'T BE NERVOUS, GERALD... THIS WON'T HURT!
WHO CARES? PAIN IS ONLY RELATIVE!
AN HOUR LATER, THE TEST WAS OVER..
WHAT'S HIS SCORE, DOCTOR?
I DON'T KNOW.. I CAN'T COUNT THAT HIGH!
LET ME SEE THE PAPER... I'LL GRADE IT FOR YOU!
STOP TALKING THAT WAY!! YOU'RE GIVING ME A COMPLEX!

AS YOU GREW OLDER, THE ENTIRE WORLD PAID TRIBUTE TO YOU! BUT IT WAS ONLY NATURAL . . AFTER ALL, COMPARED TO YOU, THE HUMAN RACE WAS COMPOSED OF MORONS!

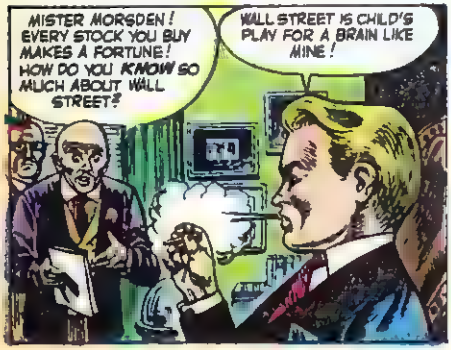

THIS IS A GREAT DAY FOR OUR UNIVERSITY! YOU ARE THE ONLY 6 YEAR-OLD BOY EVER TO GRADUATE!
I'D HAVE GRADUATED SOONER, BUT YOU WOULDN'T LET ME IN UNTIL I WAS FIVE!

YOUR MOTHER FAINTED WHEN SHE HEARD YOU SAY THAT . . . BUT YOU WERE USED TO IT . . . SHE WAS ALWAYS FAINTING!

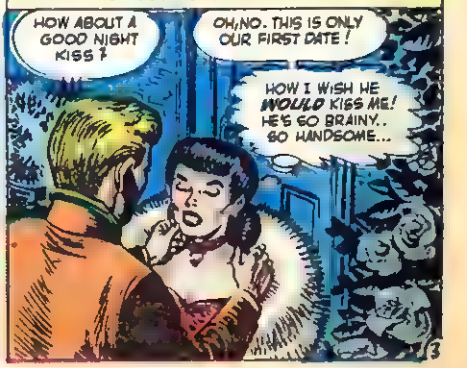


AT HOME YOU TRIED TO DECIDE WHAT FIELD YOU WERE BEST FITTED FOR . . BUT IT WAS NO USE . . . YOU DID EVERYTHING PERFECTLY!!!

BY THE TIME YOU WERE TWENTY YEARS OLD YOU WERE AN ORPHAN . . . YOUR MOTHER HAD FAINTED HERSELF TO DEATH, AND YOUR FATHER HAD RUN AWAY AND LEFT YOU! BUT YOU WERE THE RICHEST MAN ON EARTH!


MISTER MORGDEN! EVERY STOCK YOU BUY MAKES A FORTUNE! HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT WALL STREET?
WALL STREET IS CHILD'S PLAY FOR A BRAIN LIKE MINE!

YOU DIDN'T BOTHER TO TELL ANYONE THAT YOU COULD ALSO READ MINDS! YOU WERE A NATURAL BORN TELEPATHIST! IT WAS FUN TO READ THOUGHTS . . . ESPECIALLY ON DATES . . .



YES, IT WAS FUN READING MINDS!

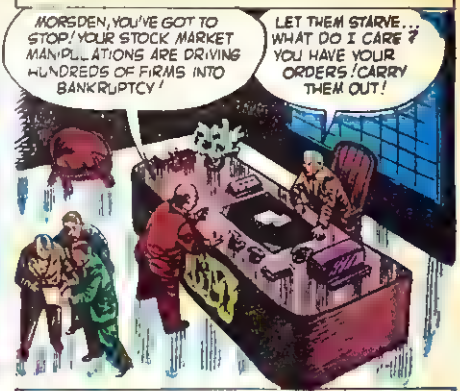
BUT YOU FOUND LIFE GROWING DULL! THERE WAS NOTHING YOU COULDN'T DO ...NO ONE YOU COULDN'T OUTSMART... YOU HAD EVERYTHING YOU COULD WANT... AND YET YOU WERE UNHAPPY...

I'M LIKE AN ADULT FORCED TO LIVE IN THE WORLD WITH ONLY CHILDREN! IF ONLY THERE WERE SOMEONE ELSE I COULD TALK TO...SOMEONE WHO COULD UNDERSTAND ME!

YOU BEGAN TO TAKE PLEASURE IN TORMENTING YOUR FELLOW MEN...BECAUSE TO YOU THEY WERE LESS THAN HUMAN...THEY WERE JUST PLAYTHINGS TO AMUSE YOU!

MORSDEN, YOU'VE GOT TO STOP! YOUR STOCK MARKET MANIPULATIONS ARE DRIVING HUNDREDS OF FIRMS INTO BANKRUPTCY!

LET THEM STARVE... WHAT DO I CARE? YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS! CARRY THEM OUT!



YOU MIGHT HAVE USED YOUR GREAT GIFT FOR THE BETTERMENT OF MANKIND, BUT INSTEAD YOU CHOSE TO DEFY AND MOCK THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE!

NO OFFENSE MEANT, OLD MAN! I'M JUST PROVING TO MYSELF HOW REALLY EASY IT IS FOR A GENIUS TO COMMIT A PERFECT CRIME!

YOU FELT TRAPPED AMONG SAVAGES... AND SO YOU BECAME LIKE A HEARTLESS BEAST...LIVING ONLY TO PREY ON AND TORTURE THE HUMAN RACE...

FLASH! AN EPIDEMIC HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED IN EUROPE! EIGHT HUNDRED PEOPLE HAVE DIED OF MENTAL HEMORRHAGES!

I *DID* IT! I THREW MY THOUGHTS RIGHT OVER THE OCEAN! BOO AT ONE TIME! ***WONDERFUL!!*** HAH! IF THEY ONLY KNEW!

AND THEN IT HAPPENED... LIKE A BOLT FROM THE BLUE, YOU RECEIVED A THOUGHT IMPULSE...FROM ANOTHER TELEPATHIST...

GERALD MORSDEN!! WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU!! COME TO US!!

WHO ARE YOU? ***WHERE*** ARE YOU?

ON THE PLANET SATURN ...YOU BELONG WITH US.. WE'RE YOUR RIGHTFUL PEOPLE...OUR CIVILIZATION IS THOUSANDS OF YEARS AHEAD OF EARTH!

A TELEPATHIC MESSAGE FROM ANOTHER PLANET! IT'S WHAT I LONGED FOR ALL MY LIFE!

WHAT DO YOU LOOK LIKE? OH... NO... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

I'M WAITING FOR YOU! HURRY ..HURRY.

AND THEN YOU RECEIVED A MENTAL PICTURE OF YOUR FELLOW TELEPATHIST! SHE WAS EVERYTHING YOU EVER DREAMED OF...

WITH YOUR BRAIN IT WILL BE EASY TO BUILD A ROCKET SHIP TO TAKE YOU TO ME! REMEMBER ...I'M WAITING!
YOU SPENT EVERY CENT YOU OWNED...WORKED NIGHT AND DAY...HIRED THOUSANDS OF MEN...AND FINALLY, SIX MONTHS LATER...
TWO SECONDS... ONE SECOND... ZERO... BLAST OFF!!
THE SHIP CRASH-LANDED ON SATURN...IT WAS A TOTAL WRECK...BUT YOU DIDN'T CARE...YOU WERE UNHURT, AND SOON YOU WOULD SEE... HER!
YES, MY BELOVED...I'M NEARBY...I'LL BE NEAR YOU FOREVER!
AND NOW...YOU MUST KISS ME!
THIS WAS WHAT YOU HAD DREAMED OF!! A GIRL WHOSE BRAIN WAS AS ADVANCED AS YOURS... A RAVISHING BEAUTY WHO COULD APPRECIATE YOUR BRILLIANCE... AND A LOVELY NEW WORLD! BUT THEN...
SHE'S NEARBY! I CAN SENSE HER THOUGHTS!
JUST WAIT TILL I REMOVE MY MASK. .
YOUR WHAT?
THERE! NOW I'M COMFORTABLE AGAIN! EVER SINCE OUR BRAINS OUTGREW OUR BODIES, AGES AGO, WE WEAR THESE BODY MASKS SO THAT WE MAY STILL MOVE! THEY RESPOND TO EVERY THOUGHT! BUT I'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO TEACH YOU ALL OUR CUSTOMS AFTER WE'VE KISSED!
NO ...NO!
AND SO HERE YOU STAND, GERALD MORSDEN...AT THE EDGE OF THE HIGH SATURNIAN CLIFF! THE REPULSIVE HAG BEHIND YOU IS CREEPING CLOSER, WITH THOUGHTS OF LOVE WHICH REACH OUT TO CHOKE YOU! YOUR ONLY ESCAPE LIES IN DEATH, BELOW!
BUT BEFORE YOU JUMP...TAKE ONE LAST LOOK AT EARTH...THE PLANET YOU FLED FROM! FOR A GENIUS, GERALD, YOU WERE PRETTY DUMB, WEREN'T YOU?

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by Stan Lee

HAGSTONE JUNCTION··· ALL ABO-O-O-O-OARD!!!

A TALE OF MADDENING MENACE!

C-668

YOU LOOK AROUND FOR A TAXI··· BUT THERE IS NONE! THE CHILL MIDNIGHT WIND SENDS ICY BLASTS THROUGH YOUR SHIVERING FORM!

IN THE DISTANCE YOU CAN HEAR THE WHISTLE OF THE DEPARTING TRAIN··· YOU FEEL ALONE··· COMPLETELY, HOPELESSLY ALONE!

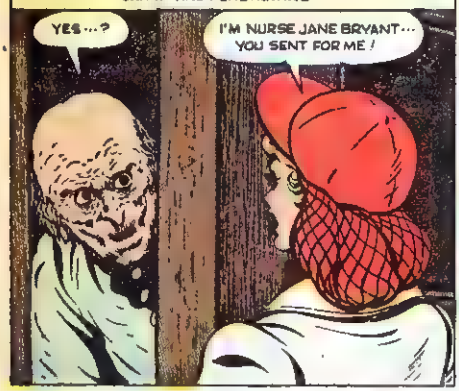
BUT YOU CAN'T STAY AT THE STATION ALL NIGHT··· SO YOU PICK UP YOUR VALISE AND START TO WALK TOWARD THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN····

BEFORE TOO LONG, YOU SEE IT ATOP THE TWISTED HILL···YOUR DESTINATION··· *HAGSTONE SANITARIUM*·· SILENT, GRIM, STANDING LIKE A SOMBER GREY SHADOW AGAINST THE PALLID MOON ··

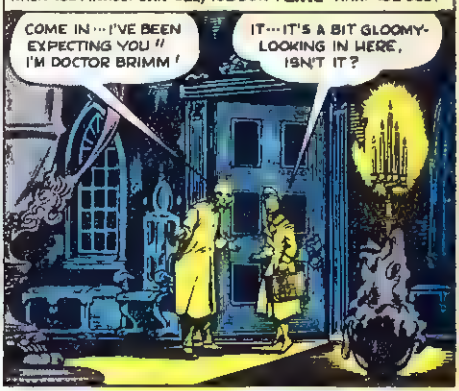
THE ROAD TO THE SANITARIUM IS · ROUGH AND WINDING · BUT YOU'VE BEEN SUMMONED THERE ··YOU'RE A NURSE, AND SO YOU MUST GO!

FINALLY YOU STAND AT THE GREAT OAK DOOR! A SENSE OF FOREBODING CREEPS OVER YOU AS YOU KNOCK···

THE FACE THAT APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY IS OLD···AND WRINKLED, LIKE A DRIED PRUNE! BUT THE BEADY EYES ARE SHARP AND PENETRATING···

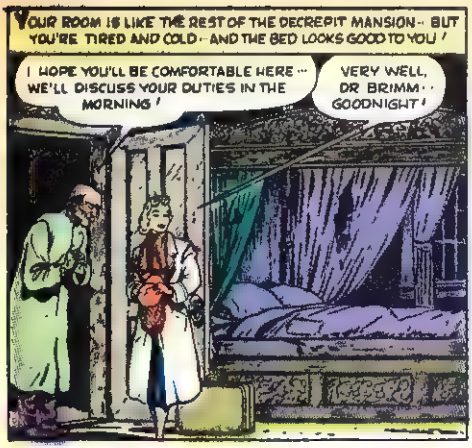


AS YOU'RE USHERED INTO THE MUSTY HALL, IT TAKES A FEW SECONDS FOR YOUR EYES TO GET USED TO THE DIM LIGHT··· WHEN YOU FINALLY *CAN* SEE, YOU DON'T *LIKE* WHAT YOU SEE!



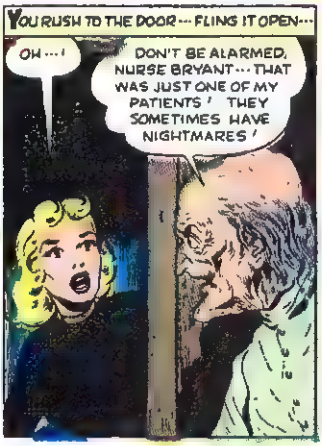
MY PATIENTS LIKE IT THIS WAY! THEY'RE MORE COMFORTABLE BY CANDLELIGHT ·· IT DOESN'T HURT THEIR EYES!

IT WASN'T THE *LIGHT* YOU HAD BEEN REFERRING TO, BUT THE DIRT AND DECAY! BUT YOU MAKE NO FURTHER MENTION OF IT, AS THE DOCTOR SHOWS YOU TO YOUR ROOM····

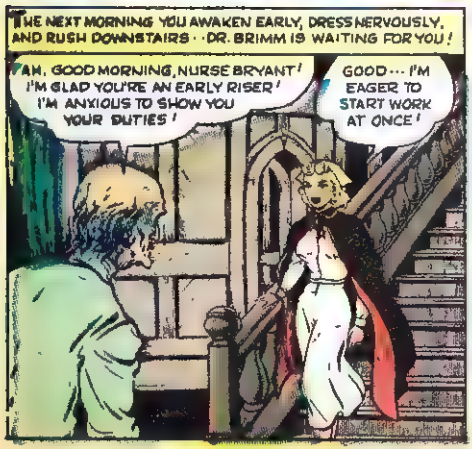

YOUR ROOM IS LIKE THE REST OF THE DECREPIT MANSION-- BUT YOU'RE TIRED AND COLD-- AND THE BED LOOKS GOOD TO YOU!
I HOPE YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE HERE--- WE'LL DISCUSS YOUR DUTIES IN THE MORNING!
VERY WELL, DR BRIMM-- GOODNIGHT!

THE DOOR CLOSES SOFTLY BEHIND HIM AS YOU NOTICE THE RUSTY IRON BARS ON YOUR WINDOW-- THIS ROOM MUST ONCE HAVE HOUSED THE MOST SEVERE MENTAL CASES!!

THEN, JUST AS YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET UNDRESSED, YOU HEAR---
AIEEEEEE!!!

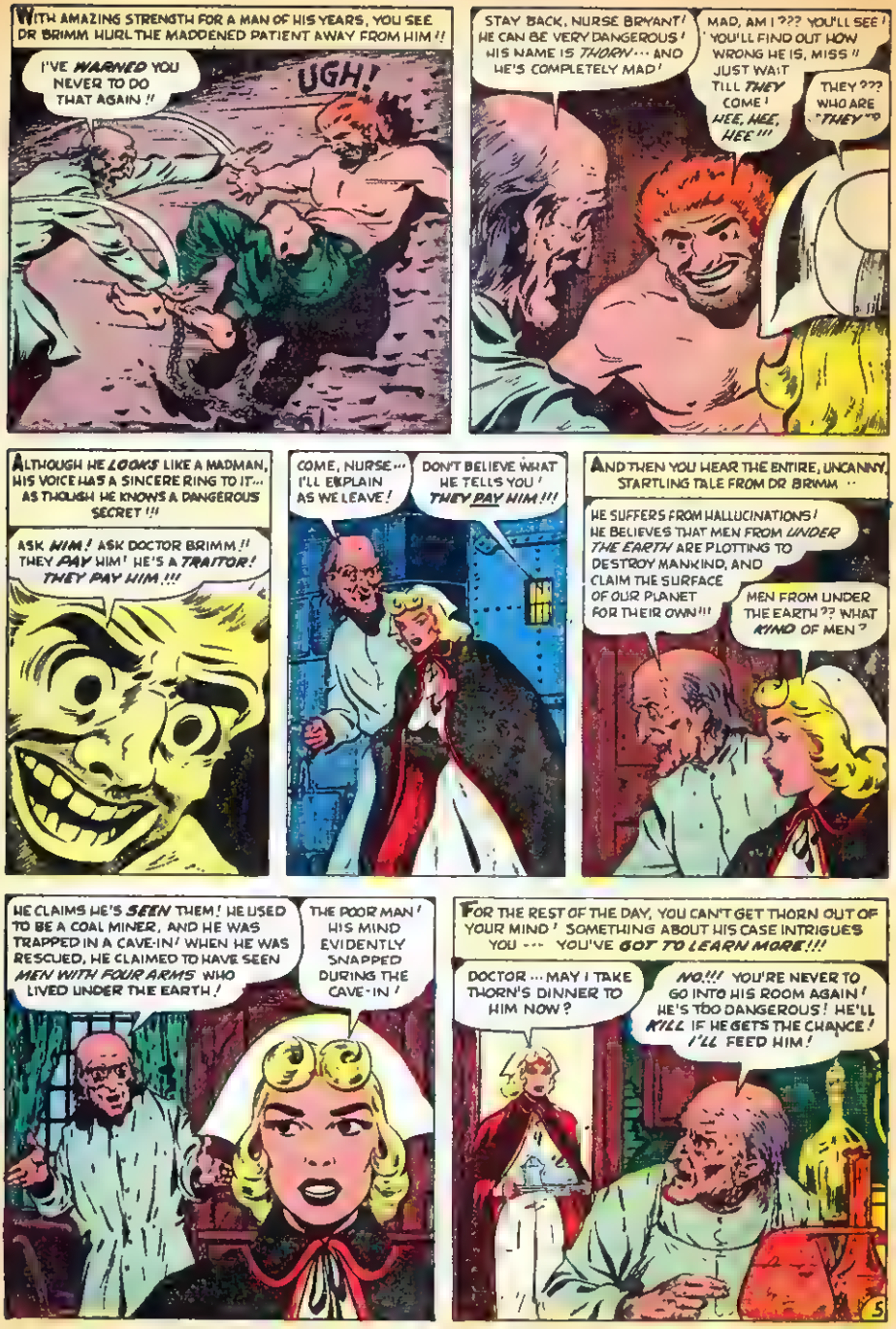

YOU RUSH TO THE DOOR--- FLING IT OPEN---
OH---!
DON'T BE ALARMED, NURSE BRYANT--- THAT WAS JUST ONE OF MY PATIENTS! THEY SOMETIMES HAVE NIGHTMARES!

YOU CLOSE THE DOOR AND GO TO BED--- BUT YOU CAN SENSE THE PRESENCE OF THE DOCTOR OUTSIDE YOUR ROOM--- STANDING SILENTLY IN THE SHADOWS!


THE NEXT MORNING YOU AWAKEN EARLY, DRESS NERVOUSLY, AND RUSH DOWNSTAIRS--DR. BRIMM IS WAITING FOR YOU!
AH, GOOD MORNING, NURSE BRYANT! I'M GLAD YOU'RE AN EARLY RISER! I'M ANXIOUS TO SHOW YOU YOUR DUTIES!
GOOD--- I'M EAGER TO START WORK AT ONCE!

THE PATIENTS ARE KEPT IN THE EAST WING, THROUGH THIS DOOR--- FOLLOW ME, PLEASE!
YES, SIR---
3

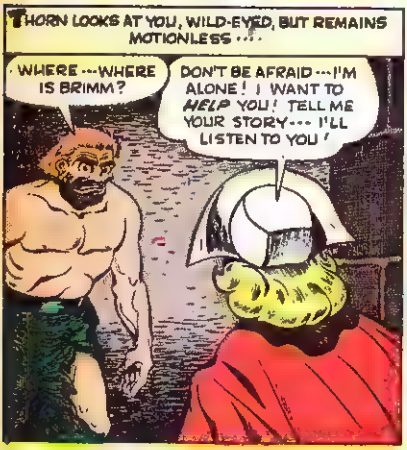
I'M ALL ALONE HERE, AND IT'S GETTING MORE AND MORE DIFFICULT FOR ME TO ATTEND TO ALL MY PATIENTS WITHOUT HELP -- THAT'S WHY I ADVERTISED FOR A NURSE!
I SEE ···
AS YOU KNOW, I HANDLE ONLY MENTAL CASES - ALL OF MY PATIENTS ARE QUITE MAD, AND MUST BE KEPT UNDER LOCK AND KEY!
I UNDERSTAND··· I WONDERED WHY THERE WERE SO MANY LOCKED DOORS!!
THIS IS WHERE I KEEP THE MILDER CASES·· THIS IS WARD "A"!
THEY LOOK HAPPY AND WELL-CARED-FOR!
GOOD MORNING, DOCTOR!
LOOK! A NEW NURSE!
AND IN HERE ARE THE MORE VIOLENT PATIENTS··
POOR SOULS!
LET ME OUT! I'VE GOT TO STOP THE BURNING OF ROME!
YOU'RE TOO LATE! I'VE ALREADY BURNED IT! HA, HA, HA!
WHAT'S IN THAT ROOM THERE?
THAT'S THE MOST TRAGIC CASE OF ALL · BUT COME YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF!
AT LAST!! AT LAST!! YOU'VE COME! I'VE GOT YOU AT LAST!!
ARGHHH!
GOOD HEAVENS!


WITH AMAZING STRENGTH FOR A MAN OF HIS YEARS, YOU SEE DR BRIMM HURL THE MADDENED PATIENT AWAY FROM HIM !!
I'VE WARNED YOU NEVER TO DO THAT AGAIN !!
UGH!
STAY BACK, NURSE BRYANT! HE CAN BE VERY DANGEROUS! HIS NAME IS THORN··· AND HE'S COMPLETELY MAD!
MAD, AM I??? YOU'LL SEE! YOU'LL FIND OUT HOW WRONG HE IS, MISS !! JUST WAIT TILL THEY COME! HEE, HEE, HEE!!!
THEY??? WHO ARE "THEY"?
ALTHOUGH HE LOOKS LIKE A MADMAN, HIS VOICE HAS A SINCERE RING TO IT··· AS THOUGH HE KNOWS A DANGEROUS SECRET !!!
ASK HIM! ASK DOCTOR BRIMM!! THEY PAY HIM! HE'S A TRAITOR! THEY PAY HIM!!!
COME, NURSE··· I'LL EXPLAIN AS WE LEAVE!
DON'T BELIEVE WHAT HE TELLS YOU! THEY PAY HIM!!!
AND THEN YOU HEAR THE ENTIRE, UNCANNY, STARTLING TALE FROM DR BRIMM ··
HE SUFFERS FROM HALLUCINATIONS! HE BELIEVES THAT MEN FROM UNDER THE EARTH ARE PLOTTING TO DESTROY MANKIND, AND CLAIM THE SURFACE OF OUR PLANET FOR THEIR OWN!!!
MEN FROM UNDER THE EARTH?? WHAT KIND OF MEN?
HE CLAIMS HE'S SEEN THEM! HE USED TO BE A COAL MINER, AND HE WAS TRAPPED IN A CAVE-IN! WHEN HE WAS RESCUED, HE CLAIMED TO HAVE SEEN MEN WITH FOUR ARMS WHO LIVED UNDER THE EARTH!
THE POOR MAN! HIS MIND EVIDENTLY SNAPPED DURING THE CAVE-IN!
FOR THE REST OF THE DAY, YOU CAN'T GET THORN OUT OF YOUR MIND! SOMETHING ABOUT HIS CASE INTRIGUES YOU --- YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN MORE!!!
DOCTOR ··· MAY I TAKE THORN'S DINNER TO HIM NOW?
NO!!! YOU'RE NEVER TO GO INTO HIS ROOM AGAIN! HE'S TOO DANGEROUS! HE'LL KILL IF HE GETS THE CHANCE! I'LL FEED HIM!
5

IN THE LONG DAYS AT HAGSTONE SANITARIUM, YOU'RE NEVER AGAIN ALLOWED TO SEE THORN! BUT YOU'RE A WOMAN··· WITH A WOMAN'S CURIOSITY··· AND BESIDES··· YOU HAVE A CONVICTION THAT THORN BELIEVES HIS TALE!
DOCTOR BRIMM IS OUT ON A CALL NOW··· THIS IS MY CHANCE!

YOU WALK DOWN THE LONG DARK CORRIDOR TO THE ROOM AT THE END···

···AND SLOWLY, CAUTIOUSLY, YOU OPEN THE DOOR···


THORN LOOKS AT YOU, WILD-EYED, BUT REMAINS MOTIONLESS···
WHERE···WHERE IS BRIMM?
DON'T BE AFRAID···I'M ALONE! I WANT TO HELP YOU! TELL ME YOUR STORY··· I'LL LISTEN TO YOU!

NEW HOPE COMES INTO THORN'S EYES AS HE SEES THE TRUST IN YOUR FACE! HE STARTS TO SPEAK··· SLOWLY AT FIRST···AND THEN FASTER AND FASTER···
"AFTER THE MINE CAVED IN, I KNEW I WAS TRAPPED! I FOLLOWED A STRANGE TUNNEL FOR HOURS···HOPING IT WOULD LEAD TO THE SURFACE··· BUT IT KEPT GOING DOWN···DOWN···DOWN!"

"AFTER CRAWLING FOR MILES, I SAW— THEM!!! THEY SPOKE OUR LANGUAGE···AND WERE PLOTTING THE DEATH OF OUR PEOPLE!"
AS SOON AS WE ARE STRONG ENOUGH, WE'LL SWARM OUT OF THIS CRUST OF EARTH WHICH HAS BEEN OUR HOME FOR AGES···AND TAKE OUR RIGHTFUL PLACES AS LORDS OF THE SURFACE!
WE'LL KILL MOST OF THE SURFACE-MEN, AND MAKE SLAVES OF THE REST!

"I WAS SO ASTOUNDED THAT I FORGOT MYSELF, AND MY FOOT DISLODGED A LOOSE ROCK! THEY HEARD ME···"
LOOK! IT'S A SURFACE-MAN!
HE'S SPYING ON US!
KILL HIM!!

THEY CAN'T RUN AS FAST AS WE CAN SO I ESCAPED THEM WHEN I REACHED THE ELEVATOR SHAFT, THE RESCUERS FOUND ME!
HERE HE IS!
THANK GOD!
DOWN BELOW··· FOUR-ARMED MEN! THEY'RE GOING TO DESTROY US ALL!!
HEY! HE'S GONE NUTS!
I TOLD MY STORY TO EVERYONE BUT THEY PUT ME HERE! AND I'LL NEVER GET OUT BECAUSE THEY PAY BRIMM TO KEEP ME HERE!! HE'S A TRAITOR TO MANKIND!! THEY PROMISED TO LET HIM LIVE WHEN THEY ATTACK THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH!!!
NO, THORN! DR. BRIMM ISN'T A TRAITOR! NOBODY PAYS HIM!!
HOW KIND OF YOU TO SAY THAT!
DOCTOR BRIMM!!
I KNOW HIS STORY IS TRUE · AND I ALSO KNOW SOMETHING ELSE···
HE'S GONNA SHOOT! STOP HIM, NURSE! STOP HIM!!!
YOUR HAND TIGHTENS AROUND THE SMALL REVOLVER YOU CARRY IN YOUR POCKET! IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH ·· YOU HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE!!
UGH!
KRAGK! KRAGK!
YOU DID IT! WE'RE SAVED!! NOW WE CAN WARN THE EARTH!
THEN YOU TURN TO THORN ·· AND YOUR NEXT BULLET ENTERS HIS HEART!!!
NO, THORN··· YOU'LL NEVER WARN THE EARTH!!
OHHH!!!
BANG!
LEAVING THE TWO BODIES, THEN, YOU UNBUTTON YOUR NURSE'S UNIFORM AND WALK OUT! IT HASN'T BEEN EASY TO KEEP YOUR OTHER TWO ARMS HIDDEN ALL THIS TIME!!!
IT'S TOO BAD, THORN··· THAT YOU WEREN'T REALLY MAD!!
THE END

THAT DOES IT!! IF YOU WEREN'T SHOCKED BY THIS ENDING, THEN NOTHING CAN SURPRISE YA! BUT IF YOU AGREE WITH US THAT MENACE IS THE BEST DIME'S WORTH OF UNUSUAL YARNS AND GREAT DRAWINGS ON ANY NEWSSTAND, THEN DROP US A LINE AND LET US KNOW! STAN LEE, EDITOR... MENACE, 270 PARK AVE., N.Y.C. AND DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S GREAT ISSUE, STARRING THE ZOMBIE!

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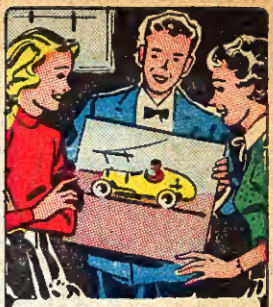
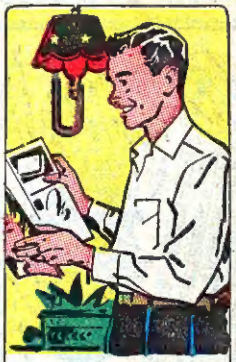
I WANTED TO BE AN ARTIST!

AFTER HIGH SCHOOL I HAD TO TAKE A JOB I HATED. MY FAMILY NEEDED THE MONEY. IT WAS DULL, HARD WORK.



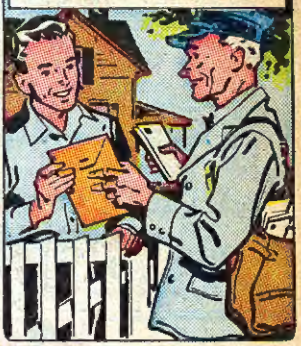
BUT AT HOME I SKETCHED AND PAINTED. MY FRIENDS ALL SAID I COULD REALLY DRAW. I WANTED TO BE AN ARTIST!

HOW I ENVIED THE ARTISTS AT THE FACTORY WHERE I WORKED! THEY GOT THREE TIMES MY PAY... AND FOR SUCH INTERESTING WORK. BUT HOW COULD I BECOME AN ARTIST? I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW FOR SURE IF I HAD REAL TALENT!



THEN ONE NIGHT I READ ABOUT A FREE ART TALENT TEST! I SENT FOR IT THAT SAME NIGHT.

IN A FEW DAYS MY FREE TALENT TEST CAME. I COULD HARDLY WAIT TO GET TO MY ROOM ALONE AND START THE TEST. IT WAS FUN TO TAKE... AND I LEARNED FROM IT, TOO



THIS IS A FINE TEST. IT CERTAINLY SHOWS YOU HAVE VALUABLE TALENT. WE'LL TEACH YOU TO DEVELOP THAT TALENT OF YOURS IN YOUR SPARE TIME.

NOW I'M A TRAINED PROFESSIONAL ARTIST. WELL-PAID, LOOKED UP TO, AND WITH A REAL FUTURE AND LOOK AT MY MODEL! LISTEN – IF *YOU* LIKE TO DRAW, YOU SHOULD TAKE THE FREE ART TALENT TEST, TOO. *YOU CAN!* →

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City..... State.....

☐ If under 14 years of age, check here for Booklet A.

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MR. B. J. STUART
President of Stuart Greetings, Has Helped Thousands Make Good Money!

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4436-38 N. Clark St. Dept. 123, Chicago 40, Ill.

Dear Mr. Stuart: I've checked off what I want money for:

- ☐ Sporting Equipment
- ☐ New Clothes
- ☐ Team Uniforms
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- ☐ Portable Radio
- ☐ .....

Please rush full facts on how to make the money, and sample kit of assortments ON FREE TRIAL and FREE Personalized Samples.

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Address.....

City & Zone.....State.....

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SEE HOW WELL OTHERS HAVE DONE!

This is the easiest and most dignified way to earn money for Scout camp Christmas presents and spending money in general. *P.E., New York*

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